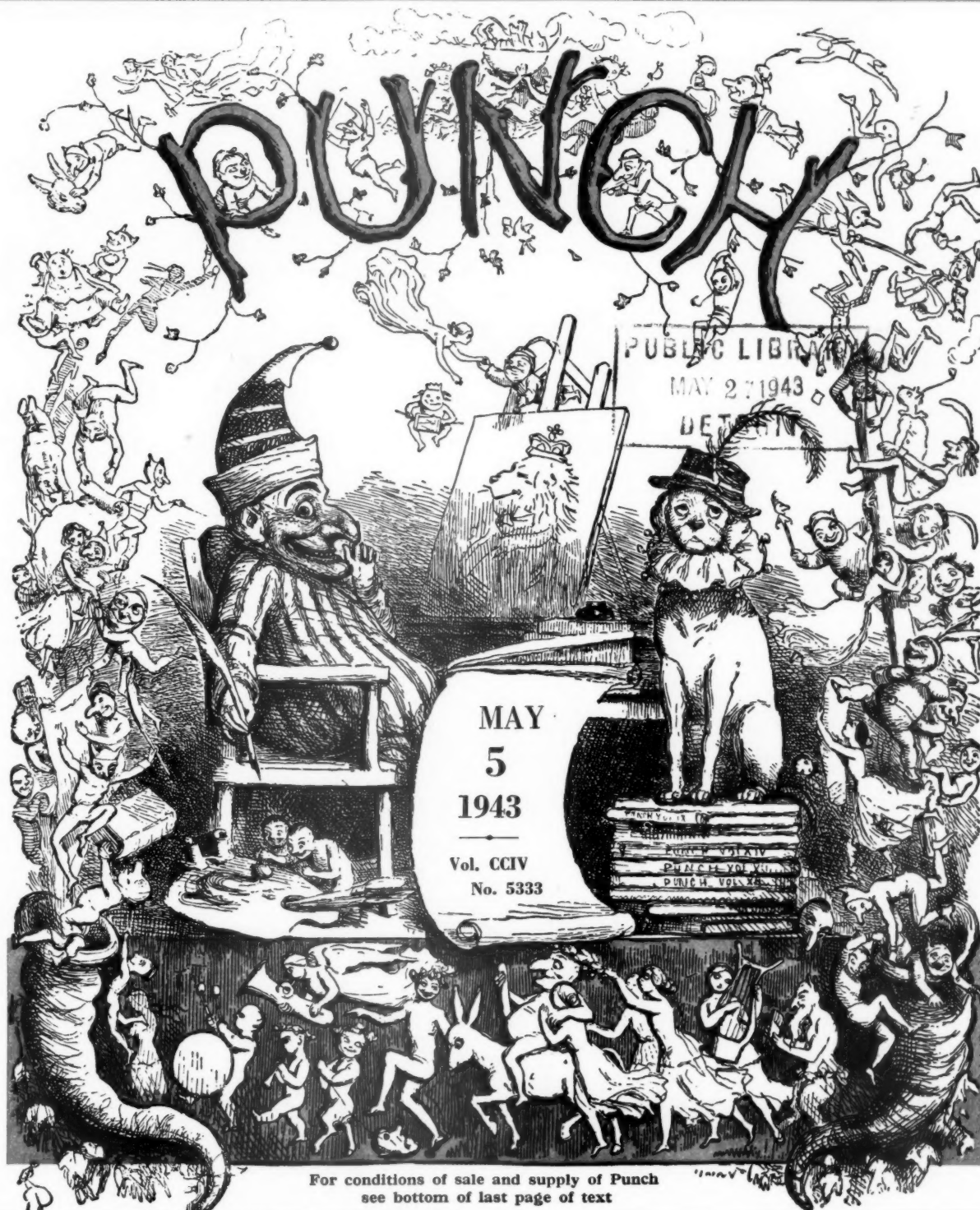


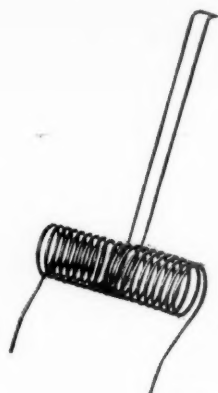
**RUBBER IS A MUNITION OF WAR, SO** *Treasure Those Tyres* **DUNLOP**

34/107



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text

**"Triplex"**—the safety glass  
Regd.



## "Bath Chair Mister?"

Not a bit of it—our friend on the right is an athlete among springs, quick and agile in action and, more important, fulfilling a function which must be 'blue-pencilled' these days. He is just one type of thousands of special springs we have designed for industry.

THE TEMPERED SPRING CO LTD  
ATTERCLIFFE ROAD, SHEFFIELD, 4



## What is a good Eye Lotion

**First** of all it is a Lotion — that is, a LIQUID medicinal preparation.

**Secondly**, it is a Lotion which is approved by oculists, doctors and opticians and others.

**Thirdly**, it is a Lotion which is prepared, not in the factory, not even in the home, but in the completely aseptic conditions of the laboratory.

**Fourthly**, it is a Lotion that is *kind to the eye*—like its own natural fluid.

**Fifthly**, it is a Lotion that can safely be used for all eyes of all ages, at all times, whatever their state of health or sickness.

**Sixthly**, it is a Lotion that your eyes can go on using, however frequently or copiously it is applied.

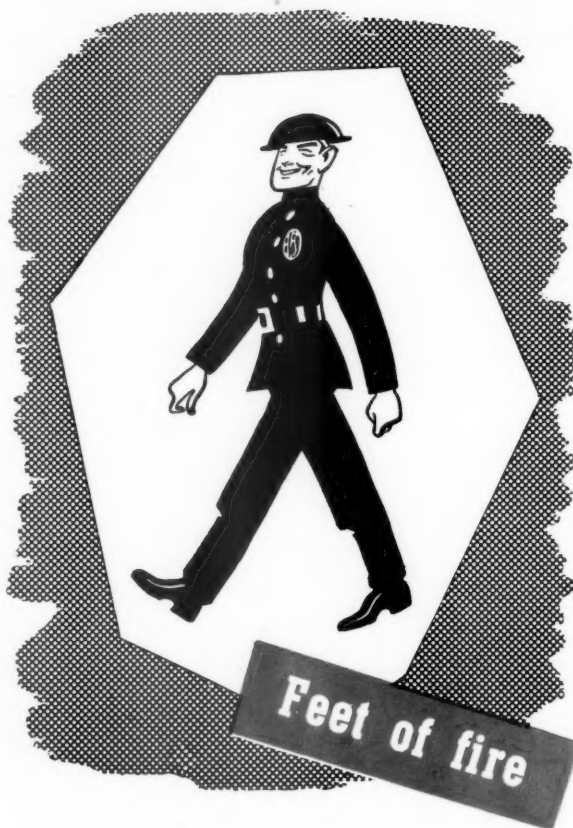
**Six good reasons for using**



**OPTREX**  
BRAND

EYE LOTION

Optrex Ltd., 17 Wadsworth Rd., Perivale, Middx.



Feet are like machines. If they get easily over-heated — then 'something's wrong with the works!'

For the human foot is made up of two springy arches. If these 'springs' get strained — either by over-work, overweight or wrong posture — your feet begin to burn and ache.

At Scholl Foot Service our experts have sure treatment for such conditions. After careful tests, your foot is given the right correction to bring it back to its normal balance. Pain and strain die away. You walk coolly, lightly—*on fire* to do your job as it should be done! Advice is free and treatment inexpensive.

Scholl Foot Aids and Appliances for men, women and children are obtainable at Scholl Depots, all good stores, chemists and shoe-dealers.

**FOOTNOTES BY SCHOLL**

# GREAT SCOTCH!



# OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH—GENTLE AS A LAMB

Chosen for years by Connoisseurs

OA.15

# JAEGER

The authorities ask us to remember that  
COUPONS ARE FOR OUR **BASIC NEEDS**

*Famous for Fine Quality*



LIMITED SUPPLIES  
FROM  
FAMILY GROCERS

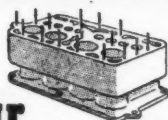
Since's

# SAVE SHIPPING-

A little less  
bread goes  
a lot further  
when it's

# HÖVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT Macclesfield



## Your post-war production problems-

Anything from small parts  
to large assemblies

# EVANS

the engineers



"We can  
take our  
coats off"

J. EVANS & SON (PORTSMOUTH) LTD.  
Enquiries should be made c/o F. G. Allen Sons &  
Blake, 15 Landport Terrace, Portsmouth, Solicitors.



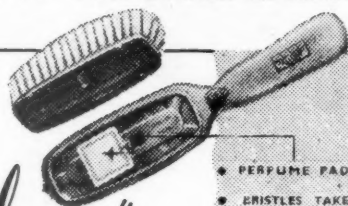
KENT Best British Brushes

The KENT-COSBY

*"Allure"*  
PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 222 REGENT STREET, LONDON W.1.



- PERFUME PAD
- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

*The name  
which is  
identified  
with  
Quality*

# Bronnley

Makers of  
FINE SOAPS  
for Fifty Years

H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD.  
LONDON, W.3



## SHOES and the War Effort

'MAKE DO,' says the Government, 'make everything you have last longer.' Well, here's a tip about shoes. Meltonian Cream (because it is a *cream*) seeps deep into the leather, feeding and preserving it. It keeps leather supple and prevents premature cracking which is caused by allowing leather to become dry and hard. And remember—a little cream goes a long way. Just a smear with a clean rag and up comes a brilliant shine. Particularly important in these days of strictly limited supplies!

*Meltonian*  
**CREAM**

Use  
Meltonian White Cream  
for polished leather  
of any colour



Yes, especially these days!  
How do you mean?

I usually leave my dentures in 'Steradent' overnight—but if there's an air-raid warning 20 minutes in 'Steradent' in the morning cleans them beautifully.

But does that really remove the film?

Of course it does!

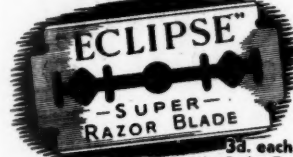
Good! From now on 'Steradent' does my teeth, too!

Why not get a tin from the chemist?

**Steradent**

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Directions: Half tumbler of warm water. Add 'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight or 20 minutes. Rinse well under tap.



3d. each  
including Purchase Tax

"Eclipse" Blades (now made only in the popular slotted pattern) are not easily obtainable nowadays, but perseverance is amply rewarded in clean and comfortable shaving.

Obtainable only from Retailers.

JAMES NEILL & CO (SHEFFIELD) LTD.

## Saving coal— Saving labour

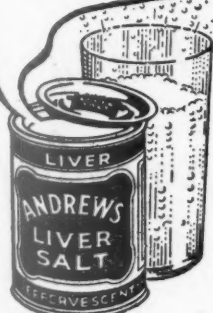
In hundreds of important industrial concerns Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Stokers are giving their efficient service and at the same time saving valuable coal and labour. We are concentrating on the industrial sizes and the supply of the popular domestic models is restricted. These will, however, be in full supply as soon as circumstances permit.

**Iron Fireman**

FIRST AND FOREMOST  
Automatic Coal Stokers

Ashwell & Nesbit Limited  
Barkby Road, Leicester

Excuse me—  
growing health  
comes from  
**INNER  
CLEANLINESS**  
with  
**ANDREWS**



For Inner Cleanliness be regular  
with your Andrews  
8 ozs. 2/-, including purchase tax

(29-1)

What is

**CEIBALIN**



So light that you hardly know it's there, CEIBALIN Interlining makes a wonderful difference—cool in summer, warm in winter; impervious to water and to moths! Odourless and odour-proof. Resilient and flexible, yet keeps in shape and does not deteriorate with age. No garment of the future will be complete without CEIBALIN Interlining. Sorry you can't have it now but—remember the name.

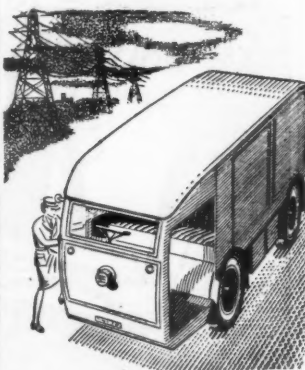
A Name to Remember

Trade enquiries: S. F. SMITH, 107, Fleet St., E.C.4



Treat with care  
for longer wear!

**AERTEX**

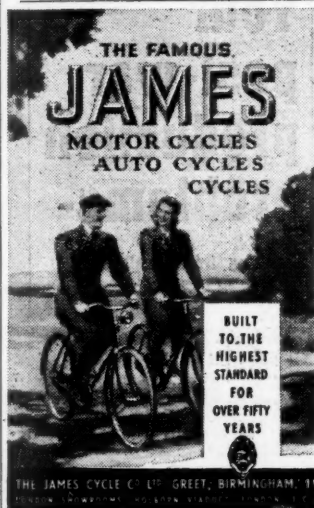


Inter-works  
deliveries?

The one ton capacity "Electric" is proving ideal for inter-works deliveries. Have you thought about it? "Electrics" use home produced fuel, are cheap to run and maintain, and are easily operated by women or young workers.

Use  
**ELECTRIC  
VEHICLES**

Details from the Secretary,  
The Electric Vehicle Association of Gt. Britain  
Ltd. (Dept. P.1) 2, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.



BY FAR  
THE BEST  
**RONUK**  
SANITARY  
POLISHES



## The source of good taste



## Yorkshire Relish

THICK or THIN

New Controlled Prices:

THICK 11d. THIN 11d. and 1/3d.

Made by Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Ltd., Leeds

**Pedigree Pets** DOLLS AND SOFT TOYS  
P.S.T. LTD. London

'Springboks' from South Africa

**SWEAR** by **KOLYNOS!** of course

The streets of Johannesburg may not be paved with gold, or those of Kimberley with diamonds, but the wealth of the Union contributes in no small measure to the successful prosecution of the war. In the development of her resources South Africa employs modern machinery and up-to-date methods. To use a simple analogy, the 'teeth' are there and KOLYNOS, the modern, scientific tooth paste, keeps them 'fighting fit'.

**RANSOMES**

For more than a Century

LAWN MOWERS occupied a foremost place in RANSOMES' range of products, but under a Board of Trade Order the manufacture of hand-operated Mowers is prohibited.

We convey this message to all potential purchasers with great regret, and invoke their indulgence until the day comes when Victory has been won and Peace restored.

**RANSOMES, SIMS & JEFFERIES, LTD.**  
ORWELL WORKS, IPSWICH

DIRECTORATE:

J. H. W. Pawlyn (Chairman)  
G. R. Sharpley F. Ayton  
V. W. Bone H. Deck  
L. C. Horsley

*Famous Lawn Mowers*

**RATTRAY'S OLD GOWRIE TOBACCO**

Even in these war-time days of feverish production, Rattray's are still able to maintain the thorough methods of the old tobacco blenders. Mixing, blending, sifting—entirely by hand—Rattray craftsmen are still producing tobaccos of pre-war quality. Such a tobacco is OLD GOWRIE, an all-Virginian mixture without artificial flavouring.

A customer writes from North WALES—"Rattray's Tobaccos (and I mean it) make all others seem quite impossible."

A customer writes from BERKS—"With kind regards to Charles Rattray who by the excellence of his tobacco does much to soothe us in these difficult times."

A customer writes from POULTON-LE-FYLDE—"I am greatly obliged for the continued prompt delivery of your delicious tobacco, a real solace in these days of stress."

Obtainable only from

*Chas Rattray*  
Tobacco Blender  
PERTH, SCOTLAND.

The Mark of Maintained Supremacy.  
The Mark of Maintained Service.



To own a **LOEWE PIPE** is to own a pipe whose leadership in quality has never been challenged. Take great care of it. Loewe briars are very scarce.

**LOEWE FREE SERVICE.** You are invited to use the services of Loewe experts who will recondition your Loewe briar so that it smokes as sweetly as ever.

**LOEWE & Co., Ltd., 58 HAYMARKET, S.W.1**

Less 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin'—because some of their ingredients are needed for other, vital purposes.

More Fine Chemicals and essential medicinal products—to meet new and increasing demands.

That represents the war-time policy of Genatosan Ltd.

*Super Quality*

**SENIOR'S**  
FISH & MEAT PASTES

SWEET THOUGHTS, DARLING?

YES — WILKINSON'S LIQUORICE ALLSORTS



Behind this door there is hope! . . . hope for thousands of Cancer sufferers . . . hope that one day the terrible toll of 70,000 deaths annually may eventually be lowered. This door must never be shut. Somehow money must be found to keep going our work of treatment and research. Only by *your* help can this be done. Please send your contribution *soon*. There is no cause more worthy.

## The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD LONDON, S.W.3.



**Reconnaissance Flight.** R.A.F. photographer making one of photography's many contributions to the war effort. Miles of film are needed for super cameras like his. Photography is mobilized for war, so don't blame your dealer if he says "Sold out of Selo!" Claims of the Services, Industry and Science come first. After victory, Selo films will be plentiful again, faster and better than ever. Till then our chief task must be **SERVICING THE WAR.**

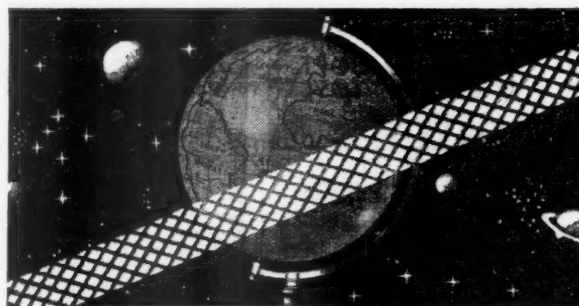
**SELO FILMS** made by **ILFORD LIMITED**

the largest British Manufacturers of  
Photographic and X-ray Materials



Boys will still be boys, perhaps more so, in war-time. If MERIDIAN is *not* still the same because of "Utility" restrictions, you *still* cannot spend coupons or money better than on MERIDIAN.

J. B. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. *Estd. 1815.* Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade



### FROM TORONTO TO TOMSK .. FROM THURSO TO TRINCOMALEE ..

The highways of the United Nations are the field where the land battle of supplies and transport is being fought. They measure many millions of miles . . . Goodyear pioneered the use of pneumatic tyres for heavy vehicles many years ago, and proved that long-distance road transport was economical and practicable. To-day, Goodyear tyres are moving vital supplies along most of these millions of miles of highways — along

roads in Australia and Alaska, in the Middle East and Russia — along good roads and bad alike — in the Tropics and in the Arctic.

Many years of experience, research and high endeavour lie behind the Goodyear tyres of to-day. Fine quality has enabled them to stand up to punishment and still give long and faithful service, a service that is recognised and in use all over the world . . .

Another

**GOOD YEAR**

contribution to progress



# RUNNY

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5333

May 5 1943

## Charivaria

ACCORDING to a weather expert we are to have long spells of sunshine this year. Weather permitting, of course.

"A successful doctor *must* have tact," says a writer. And patients.

Young people are warned by a doctor against sunbathing too early in the year. Basking for trouble.

The conductor of a prison orchestra in the U.S. recently escaped. Beating time.

A parrot belonging to an Oxford Don imitates the owl. The bird always says *Tu-Whit, Tu-Whom*.

We are told that everybody should sleep seven hours on end. The usual position is good enough for us.



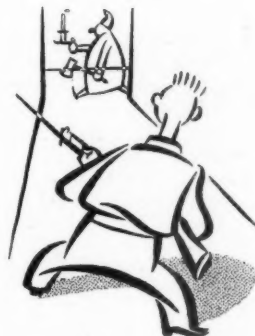
### All Found

"FOR SALE, Nanny and 2 Kids."  
*Ilkley Gazette.*

A trade film explains how sausages and polonies are made. Showing how butchers manage to make both ends bread.

An M.P. complains that when there is a shortage of soft drinks in canteens members of the Forces acquire a taste for beer. This, surely, should tend to make them acquire a taste for soft drinks.

A soldier in Dorset, armed with rifle and bayonet, unsuccessfully tried to track down a local ghost. He couldn't stick it.



The leading lady of a forthcoming musical show has fallen out with the producer. It is understood that all the chorus girls are willing to take her part.

"Mr. — said that the policy of the National Government would be to raise the prices of agricultural produce to such a level as would enable the farmers to acquire modern plant and machinery, and also to pay their labourers a satisfactory living wage.

The funeral will take place to-morrow."—*Belfast Paper.*  
Back to the land.

"If some men would only pause and step back to view the effect of their actions, they would perhaps not act similarly again," says a psychologist. A steeplejack certainly wouldn't.

In reaching the summits of three hundred British mountains a London man has climbed over 1,000,000 feet. It must be child's play for him to reach a seat in the centre of a cinema.





## Meeting a Friend

WHEN I went down to Kew in lilac-time, realizing that it wasn't far from London, being only seven-pence on the 23, if one was prepared to wait for the third or fourth 23 and to laugh lightly and brightly with the people who said they were Kewing up for queue, I wandered about the vast grounds marvelling that they could be so well kept up in these difficult days, and then observed that a considerable crowd was surging towards one of the great hot-houses.

The herd instinct made me surge immediately with the crowd, and after a while I found what they had all come out to see. Looking up towards the glass roof when our serried masses had shuffled along the aisles to the right place, we could discern a few green oranges at the top of a real orange tree, and not far away a little bunch or two of unripe bananas at the summit of a herbaceous arboreal plant of palm-like appearance, as the botanists so beautifully say.

I realized that the very youngest children in the crowd (and there were a good many who were very young) were being taken to look at these two wonderful sights, so that in after years they would be able to remark to their own children "I remember when I was very small seeing my first banana and my first orange, and being told how lovely they would be to eat, if they were ripe, and if they were on sale, and if I could get at them. Cor lumme, my dears, that gave me a thrill."

I realized this and then, lowering my eyes, whom should I see standing quite close to me but X.

"Good heavens!" I said, "X! I haven't seen you for years." I am always saying that to people nowadays, and he didn't attempt to deny it. I asked him about his work, and whether he was doing much, and whether he had any pictures in the Royal Academy this year.

He said "No," and added that he had been at sea for a time, and we left the hot-house and began to walk together between the beds of wallflowers and tulips and amongst the flowering shrubs. He began to talk of Hitler, I don't know why, and he said that all the Germans had inferiority complexes and Hitler the worst of all.

"That is the thing," he said, "which makes them so offensive and so desirous of imposing their will on the rest of the world," and I asked him whether all the ruthless conquerors in the history of the world had inferiority complexes, and he thought that this was on the whole very probable and certainly true of Napoleon because he had been called Puss-in-Boots when he was a sub-lieutenant, and perhaps true also of Julius Caesar because he suffered from epilepsy.

"Do you think Attila had an inferiority complex?" I asked him, "or Genghis Khan?" He wasn't so sure of these.

"Has Goering one?"

"No, not Goering," he admitted; but Ribbentrop certainly because people laughed at him for touting champagne, and Goebbels too, because of his inferior physique.

"And Himmler?"

Himmler, he said, certainly must have an inferiority complex if he had a looking-glass. I then told him that according to my latest information Himmler and Hitler had made an intense study of the occult, even sending out an expedition to Thibet before the war began to learn the wisdom of the East, and at the same time to sow the seeds of Nazi policy among the lamas and the yaks. But they didn't get very good results, and had turned to

ordinary astrology and witchcraft instead. Both of them, I had been told, kept snakes and even took them about in boxes when they travelled, and Hitler himself had a pet toad which was a sort of familiar and was consulted by him whenever he had to face a new political or military crisis. This toad of his was now practically in command of the Reichswehr. "I don't think they have inferiority complexes at all," I said. "I think they are mad."

But he couldn't agree to this, and we went on to look at the cactuses in another hot-house, and he told me that in Tunisia, which is full of cactuses, some officers from a Home Battle School had been sent out to study warfare on the spot, but the regiment to which they were attached told them it was all very simple indeed.

"We have a crawling drill," they said, "with four words of command. On the word 'fall' you drop down. On the word 'crawl' you crawl. On the word 'lift' you raise your head just above the nearest cactus. On the word 'shoot' you shoot. But there is one very important thing to remember."

"What is that?" they inquired.

"Omit number four," they said. "It only irritates the enemy." I supposed that these people had been trying to give the Home Battle School officers an inferiority complex, but he said No, he thought they were Irishmen.

I then told him that I had made up a little rhyme, because amongst all the peculiar phrases which I had found lately in the headlines of the daily papers there had been one which charmed me particularly. It was U-LOSSES DOWN, and so my little rhyme ran like this:

Here's a loving-cup  
To the sailor brown  
Ulysses up  
U-losses down,

and that reminded me, since we had now come back to the gates of the Gardens, would he have a drink with me?

We went to the very large inn by the bridge, and when he was half-way through the whisky and soda that I had ordered for him he said suddenly, "What I've been wondering about all this time is how you recognized me immediately after so many years."

I told him that I rather prided myself on being able to recognize people whom I hadn't seen for ages, and in any case, if he didn't mind my saying so, he had a rather distinctive appearance.

"Very likely I have," he said. "The only thing is that I'm not X. And I haven't the least idea who you may be."

"What an extraordinary coincidence!" I said, not knowing what else to say.

He didn't offer me a drink in return for the one I had given him. I suppose he had an inferiority complex or something.

EVORE.

## Homecoming at Dawn

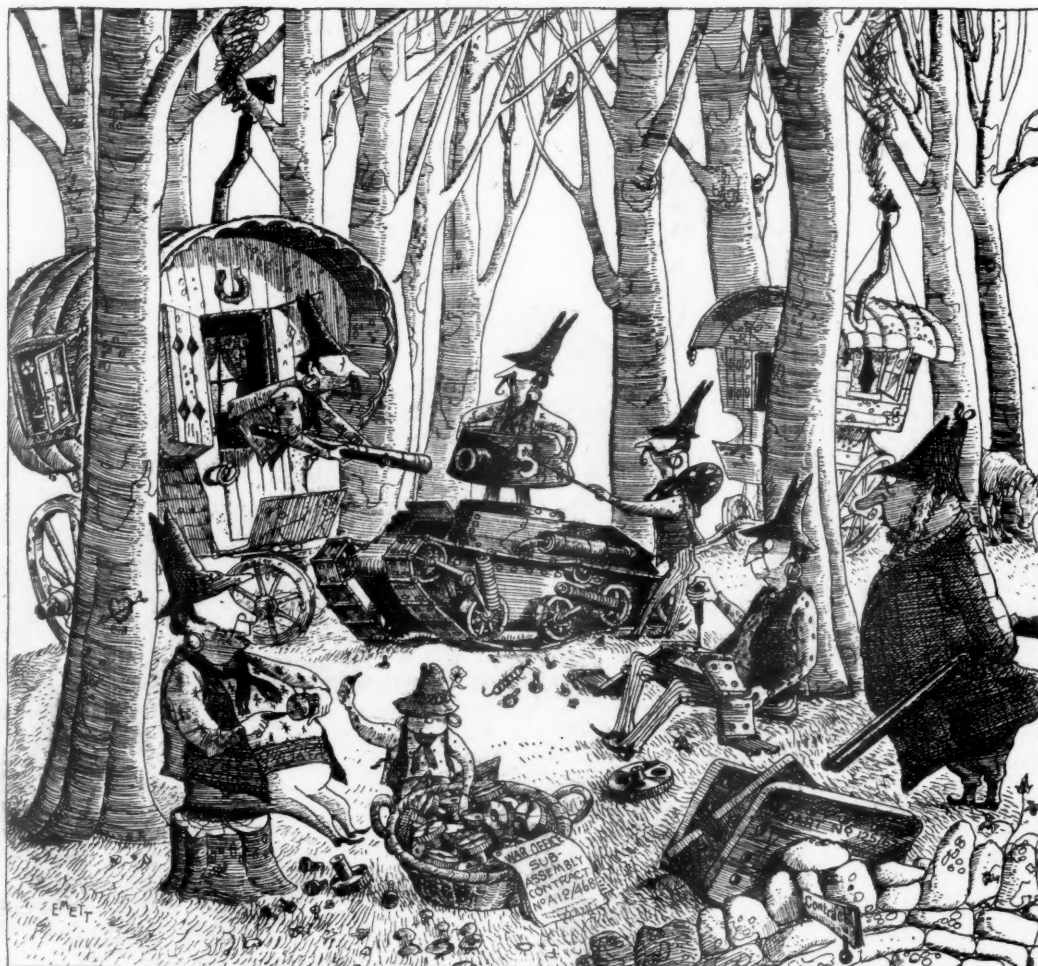
OVER the white cliffs, over the downlands whirring,  
Out of the dappled east with dawn aflame,  
The moon pale in the sky, and the first birds stirring,  
Homeward the war-scarred battle squadrons came.

Came . . . all but those who shall see no more below them  
Mapwise the small green chequered countryside,  
Places greatly loved that shall never again know them—  
All that was England—all for which they died. C. F. S.



### NOTICE TO QUIT

[The German High Command is now said to be concentrating its main defence near Mount Olympus.]



*"Of course, after the war we shall go back to clothes-pegs."*

### Old Cricket-Ball

**H**OLDING this veteran seam-split cricket-ball in my hand—  
Just for the feel of the thing—the arduous years unroll,  
And I am running up to the wicket, an insignificant school-boy in flannels,  
To deliver, my heart in my throat, the first ball of an over. . . . I bowl . . .

We were playing The Lodge  
In the Final. D. K. Hodge  
("Hurricane" Hodge of Essex to be)  
Had hit up 73,  
And our prospects were looking as black  
As the sky at cover-point's back;

But for Hodge (for the tail wouldn't wag)  
We'd the match in the bag.  
Chris Carthew and Beaven,  
Both of the School Eleven,  
Who'd been plugging away at him nearly all afternoon  
(As well bowl at the moon),  
Mixing 'em up, trying out all their tricks,  
Were beginning to tire, and when Beaven was banged  
for 6  
(How The Lodge bellowed their glee!)  
The ball was tossed up to me.  
No tame rabbit escaped from its hutch  
Could have yearned for its mother as much  
As I yearned for mine! To hell with the Cup  
If the ground would but swallow me up!



As the field crossed over the scene  
 Burnt into my soul: the darkening green  
 Of the Upper, fringed with a smudge of spectators—  
 Supporters and neutrals and "haters"—  
 The sombre impassive pavilion whose clock  
 Stood at ten minutes to six, the shock  
 Of seeing Geoff Mallard crouching and ready  
 Behind the wicket, and lastly the steady  
 Contemptuous eye of D. K., resolute, tough,  
 Prepared to do lord knew what with my artless stuff.  
 With a heartfelt prayer that my enemy might be  
 denied  
 Long hops, half-volleys and that abject of objects, a  
 wide,  
 I started my run . . . went up a heaven-high shout  
 (I had to believe my eyes)—he was OUT!  
 Clean bowled—middle stump—the fortuitous ball  
 That rabbits bowl once in a lifetime (or never at all).

Holding this relic of friendlier days in my hand,  
 The thrill of that moment, a thrill reserved for us rabbits  
 (who'd be a Hodge!),  
 Comes glowingly back . . .

Geoff flinging his gloves wildly into the air,  
 The yells and cheers of the House, and the resonant voice  
 of "Old Stodge,"  
 My housemaster, booming "Well bowled!" from his chair  
 by the screen,  
 And crowning it all a word from the godlike immaculate  
 Beaven  
 Strolling up from mid-on . . .

Gone was the insignificant schoolboy in flannels—  
 Strutted a hero in shimmering armour, the happiest this  
 side of heaven,  
 A hero as yet undisturbed by the scribe who was destined  
 to write  
 In the School Magazine that "Hodge was bowled by a  
 'straight 'un' in a very bad light."

o o

## Programme Parade

**T**HE time is just twenty-seven and a half minutes  
 past three, and before the programmes divide  
 listeners may care to be reminded of some of the  
 items of interest to be heard later in the day.

Immediately after this, at half-past three, Home Service  
 listeners will hear a recording of last Thursday's talk by  
 Mr. Grimple, M.P., on his proposal that British Restaurants  
 should be renamed "Eatettes." Mr. Grimple contends  
 that this would make them more popular, such is his  
 frantic capacity for self-deception.

In the Forces Programme at the same time we have, on  
 the other hand, three quarters of an hour of Manny Festo  
 and his Announce-Men, with Bill Board. I will make a  
 small wager that Manny's first tune will be something  
 about *to-morrow*, pronounced as if it were an address—  
 "2 Mah Row."

Meanwhile in the Home Service at two-forty-five they  
 will have begun a play about what the Jones family took  
 to be a jar of either ginger-marmalade or piccalilli, but  
 which unexpectedly turned out to be greengage jam,  
 exclamation-mark. The principal part in this amusing  
 piece will be taken by Miss Prolegomena Distich as the  
 lovable old grandmother, and others no more unusual by  
 others no less competent.

At four-fifteen listeners on both wave-lengths will hear

a programme of rousing marches and similar compositions  
 played by some military band or other, which will sound  
 to many of them (I dare swear) like a well-nigh interminable  
 series of tunes all bearing some such title as "When the  
 Tum Tum Tum Tum Tum." However, it will draw to its  
 over-emphatic and long-foreseen conclusion at about five  
 o'clock, possibly leaving time for a few highly-dramatic  
 phrases about saving rubber or using up potatoes.

At five the Forces Programme has the News in Erse,  
 which I must say gets better every day. The talk in the  
 Home Service at the same time appears to have been  
 arranged by someone with an imperfect idea of the difference  
 between geography and geometry. Originally announced  
 as "Arithmetic and Algeria," the title was later corrected  
 to "The Differential and Integral Caucasus," which is of  
 course either better or worse as the case may be.

Naturally the Children's Hour turns up at five-twenty in  
 the Home Service. To-day it includes a play in the  
 "Moulders of Empire" series about the inventor of cement,  
 a story for the Under-Sixes (or it may be the Under-Sexed,  
 I can't quite read this) called "No Cocktail-Shakers in the  
 Morgue," and a talk by the Rev. A. H. Somebody or other  
 about the political and economic difficulties connected with  
 the formation of a peat-polishers' union in South-Western  
 Turkestan in the year 1896.

At the same time in the Forces Programme there will be  
 an orchestral concert consisting solely of items requested  
 by members of His Majesty's Forces. Of course every other  
 item will be "In the Mood," and every *other* item, of course,  
 will be "The Warsaw Concerto." The piano soloist will  
 be Smothery Oven.

After the News at six, and the miscellaneous debris that  
 succeeds it, the Home Service offers at six-thirty a very  
 interesting feature programme about sheep-worrying,  
 particularly designed to appeal to dogs that do worry sheep.  
 Both the sheep and the dogs are told not to worry.

This lasts for half an hour, during which listeners on the  
 Forces wave-length will hear a discussion on the question  
 of whether being wise after the event is or is not better  
 than being foolish *all* the time.

At seven o'clock the real business of the evening begins.  
 The Home Service offers an hour's programme entitled  
 "Blackout!" which is an ingenious and extremely boring  
 reconstruction of the sounds made in a typical household  
 as members of the family go from room to room drawing the  
 curtains. Each curtain-rod gives out a different note,  
 fortunately enough, and every now and then a drawing-pin  
 or an ash-tray is knocked off a window-sill and goes crashing  
 to the floor far below.

Meanwhile by way of contrast the Forces Programme has  
 an hour's variety, including Vladivostok and Bombwell  
 and Dick Favictory.

This will be followed on both wave-lengths by an  
 interesting historical programme about a point in phonetics,  
 called "Hwich Hway?" Not many of us realize that the *h*  
 as often pronounced in words beginning with *wh* is a relic  
 of the old *qu*, or old *Q*, sometimes called the Marquess of  
 Queensberry or Son of Zorro (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.).

And now I will hand Home and Forces listeners alike  
 over to the mercies, if any, of their respective enter-ahem  
 (I beg your pardon)-tainers. The hands of the clock point  
 to exactly half-past three, for I took the liberty of stopping  
 it when they had reached that almost rectangular position.

R. M.

o o

## Hitler Rattled

"Since my inauguration as Mayor, the war-news has been con-  
 sistently of improvements on all fronts."—*Provincial Paper*.

## P.U.O.

"P.U.O., you say, nurse?"

"Yes, doctor."

"The first symptoms?"

"He went into a shoemaker's in Jermyn Street and asked for a dozen scollops wrapped up in the *Baptist Times*."

"I take it alcoholism was suspected?"

"Naturally, doctor. But ruled out by tests. After that he gave a garbled account of Dunne's Theory of Time to a point-policeman."

"That's tantamount to assault."

"Finally he took off his Service hat to an air marshal in Piccadilly. They then quickly discovered he had this temperature."

"On the chart it looks like a sketch-plan of the Dolomites. He's been tested for all the obvious things?"

"Everything, doctor, but negative on all counts."

"H'm. Interesting."

"Yes, he's a bit of a star turn."

All right, Nurse, bless your little snowy pinny, wait till we get rid of this man, whom I covertly observe to be a sombre fellow girt about with a number of neo-Georgian stethoscopes. I just swallowed that unchristian "naturally" about alcoholism, but "a bit of a star turn," indeed! Why, I am the focus of the medical world. The conversation recorded above occurs a dozen times a day. Eminent ologists of every kind and even plain doctors are surging down in droves. The roads leading to this temple of healing are blocked with Rolls-Royces and green bicycles. Many of these tireless investigators arrive unshaven and asking wearily if there is a good hotel in the town. All are armed in varying degrees with the latest scientific equipment, some reining their passions and confining it to three or four handbags, others bringing with them electrical machinery mewed up in a small bulldozer moving under its own steam and flashing red lights and waving antennæ which sizzle. Many are accompanied by cardiographers'-mates, bearers and caddies.

That last word, nearly forgotten now, reminds me that, since it is not uncommon for several of these visitors, representing clubs in different parts of the country, to turn up at the same time, I have found it necessary to control the traffic, and therefore for medical purposes I regard myself as a sort of golf-course, my head being the club-house and the ninth my feet.

I treat the players fairly briskly:

"Good morning, doctor. As you see, another contestant—that chap down there with the red beard—has beaten you to it, but he should be moving off from the heart any moment now, and if you find he holds you up at all at the spleen please don't hesitate to shout 'Fore!' A party from Wimpole Street have put down a spatula for midday and I don't want to keep them waiting. Clockwise, if you don't mind, down round the big toes and back by the appendix. And I'm afraid we don't allow any cutting-in until after five o'clock, and then only by special permission of the committee, and with a local anaesthetic. Questions can only be answered in the club-house after the round."

We have had as many as four parties on the course at once. Medical etiquette, well known for its inflexibility, prevents them of course from speaking to each other, so sometimes I have to act as a liaison officer as well as a club secretary. But often, having seen a man off in the morning I am scarcely aware of him again until he finishes his round in the evening. He will usually have fallen out for five minutes at lunch-time to eat sandwiches on one of the chairs I have had placed down by the ninth. . . .

"I beg your pardon, doctor? No, I have never been to Baluchistan. The idea of going there has always been particularly abhorrent to me."

"Come, come! not perhaps in the last few years, but surely in the last ten? I feel convinced that what you have picked up is the rare bacillus of the zuzu fly, only—"

"No, doc, I'm sorry. Baluchistan is out. . . ."

They all have their special pets.

At times I find the whole business of lying in state palls frightfully, and I envy Lenin the glass cover his friends were good enough to buy him. In desperation one day at the clouds of eminent men tapping and burrowing and chiselling at me until I felt like one of Mr. Kaiser's pre-fabricated ships found to be behind schedule, I slipped out a wire to some printer friends of mine and got back by return a big notice which read:

PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB  
THE BODY

I displayed this with great effect for most of a morning, but forgot to

remove it when the time came for Matron's visit. She signally failed to obey its instructions. . . .

"Yes, doctor, the headache has been one of the many alarming symptoms. It has avoided the classical rhythms and confined itself to a jazz-beat in the lower part of the back of the head."

"Either of the patellas behaving suspiciously?"

"Well, nothing worth writing to M.I.5 about."

"You have never served in the Maldive Islands, I suppose? There is a curious beetle, a beautiful little creature to look at, that might well—"

"No, doctor, I have never been east of Portofino. . . . Not at all, doctor, I hope we shall be seeing you another day. . . ."

About the title of this interesting piece, you are probably as puzzled by "P.U.O." as I was, unless you happen to be one of my many medical readers. When you go into hospital they hang a kind of personal file on the wall as far away from your bed as possible, giving your name, age, handicap, chances of survival and any of the grosser details time may elicit. It is still naively assumed by the authorities that you will be either unwilling or not such a lowdown cad as to crawl out somehow and read yourself ill on it.

The "P.U.O." which I saw after my name gave me much food for thought until I realized it could only stand for "Patient Under Observation." As this seemed to me an ungenerous way of describing my admirably stoical behaviour, I lost no time in inserting a "V" for "Very" before the "P.U.O." It was Sister herself who gently explained to me that "Pyrexia, Unknown Origin," was an umbrella without which no prudent member of the profession would dream of leaving his consulting-room.

STOP PRESS: An eager bacillus-hunter who came all the way from Stow-on-the-Wold on an auto-cycle has this minute run my intruder to earth, and we have celebrated his triumph in fruit-salts. He assures me my little inmate has winning ways and one of the most rigid family lives known to science. In spite of this, however, the first man to corner it thought up such a rude Latin name that we must just leave it in anonymous combat with my white corpuscles.

May the better bug win. ERIC.

## Owner and Trainer

**R**IGHTLY or wrongly I have acquired a young dog. Every new purchase these days is accompanied by twinges of conscience, but I cannot find that he is rationed or on points, and, as he comes from Kent, he qualifies as an evacuee, even if he would also have to confess to being in origin an enemy alien. However, I will have no drones in my household, and I determined that he should at once learn discipline. He arrived with a name, but my use of it gained no more response than a cry of "Taxi!" in Piccadilly. My first task, then, was obvious but not easy, and I was not sure how to proceed until by a stroke of good luck I came across just what I wanted in an American magazine—an article on the training of young dogs for the American Army. The first lesson dealt fully and simply with their method of teaching a dog to answer to his name. The only requirements, apart from the dog, were a length of cord and an open space. The trainer then attached cord to dog, withdrew to the other end of the cord, called the name, and immediately afterwards pulled gently but firmly until the dog fetched up alongside. This was repeated until even the most dumb pupil realized what was expected of it and the cord could be dispensed with.

Full of enthusiasm I swept all difficulties from my path. A few pieces of string knotted together formed the cord—I am a practical man—and I was confident that the local soldiery would not object to my using their football-field for half an hour before their game was due. In the early afternoon we were in situ. Leaving the dog at point A, I paid out the line to its full extent, and having arrived at point B I turned about. To my surprise and disappointment there was no dog at A. For the first time since he had been with me he had kept perfectly to heel and was clearly delighted with himself and expected the same pleasure from me. Another walk produced the same result. This could go on indefinitely, and a lesser man might have given in at once or at least waited for a reply from the United States. Being made of sterner stuff I fetched my wife. (It is the work of a moment to write that sentence; the married reader will readily imagine the time-lag which it represents. Why do wives always have to go out via their bedrooms?)

I paid out the line more confidently



*"No, I know this one dropped on the Thursday, dear, because that was the day Auntie Mabel's canary got out."*

when I knew that an accomplice was entertaining the dog at the other end. I turned at B, to find dog and wife at A. I called. I pulled, gently but firmly. The dog began to approach me backwards. When my wife had freed his hind legs from the line I called again. The dog bounded forward until he reached the first knot, which he seized and worried with inordinate fury and delight. Other knots caught his eye, each one of which represented a heaven-sent plaything.

My wife visited her next-door neighbour and returned with a clothes-line. (It is the work of a moment . . .) We positioned ourselves again. I called. I pulled, gently but firmly. The dog galloped towards me. What sound sensible people the Americans are! He came straight for me, and I stretched out my hand to pat his head.

"Always praise the dog when he does the right thing." He did not do the right thing. He brushed past me and galloped on until he was brought up with a jerk at point C, whereupon he ran back to my wife, cutting me dead a second time.

"That will do for to-day," said my wife; "and here come the soldiers. Let's untie him and try him again to-morrow."

Finding himself free, the dog kicked up his heels and abandoned himself to the delights of speed for its own sake, when suddenly the referee blew a short blast to gather the teams together on the field of play. The dog stopped, stiffened, and then double-marched to the referee's heels, where he stood, alert but motionless.

Rightly or wrongly I have acquired a whistle.





"I fear I can see no chance of you ever succeeding as a writer, Miss Witbers—er—you don't happen to know of anyone wishing to dispose of a typewriter?"

## The Phoney Phleet

XVII.—H.M.S. "Spout"

THE Gadget's Club was almost bare  
Of members. Captain Spleen was there—  
One heard his snoring from afar—  
And Syme was propping up the bar,  
But no one else. He drank his lime  
With Plymouth gin in it this time  
And soon the old inventive brain  
Was ticking over once again.  
He had a chaser; then he went  
To ask Spleen what he should invent.  
The Surgeon Captain yawned and said  
"Don't gas" and turned away his head.  
But all Commander Syme had heard  
Was "gas"—he'd missed the other word—  
So thanking him for this reply  
He twittered off.

Some weeks went by  
And then weird parti-coloured smells  
Accompanied by shrieks and yells  
Emerging from *la maison* Syme  
Proclaimed that yet another time  
That massive mind had rung the bell.

There followed an impatient spell  
While dockyard-mateys fitted out  
A special ship, H.M.S. *Spout*,  
With Syme's contraptions. Then, in June  
She sailed for Parajás da Boon  
(I made that name up. Place and time  
Are *secret*. Lucky that they rhyme!)  
But long before she got there she  
Met *Schnitzelwurst*, an enemy  
Of something over twice her size.  
Everything comes to him who tries;  
Syme's motto was "Try, try, again  
And . . ."

Here I think I should explain  
What this invention was. You see  
War-gases—Mustard, C.A.P.,

Etc., mustn't be employed  
In war. But if one could avoid  
All pain or irritation, one  
Might put it over on the Hun:  
And Syme had fixed it. He'd found out  
A gas that made the gasees shout  
Continuously—that was all.  
It simply made its victims bawl  
Argue, declaim, thump tubs, orate,  
Recite, in one unending spate.  
It didn't make its wearers sick  
But gave them an enormous kick.  
But, here you have it: *men can't yap*  
And, *simultaneously, scrap*.  
You see the scheme? Now, let's get on.

The *Spout* discharged this stuff upon  
The German ship in potent blobs.  
Within three minutes shouting mobs  
Appeared on deck. Each Hun began  
To lecture to the next-door man  
Who didn't listen to a word,  
But stamped and raved himself, unheard  
Amongst this truly fearsome din.  
Of course H.M.S. *Spout* closed in  
And while the Jerries screamed and cursed  
She knocked six bells off *Schnitzelwurst*  
Who couldn't argue back, each gun  
Being abandoned by its Hun  
Who fully occupied in speech  
Put nothing lethal in the breech.  
So victory was gained.

George Syme  
Repeated this from time to time.  
But every stunt has got its snags  
And so had this. In one word—*gags*.  
The German Navy dished them out  
And so its sailors *couldn't* shout.  
They made a sort of muffled roar,  
A throaty gurgle—nothing more—  
Which didn't put them off their stroke.  
Perhaps a few of them *did* choke  
But not a lot.

Well, there you are.  
See you next Wednesday. *Au revoir*.

*BE stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution. . . .*

SHAKESPEARE (King John).

That clarion call still rings in our ears to-day, for  
once more Britons are going forth to the assault  
against the German enemy as they have against foreign  
enemies in the past. And if we cannot all man the  
tanks and guns, pilot the planes and sail the ships,  
we can all take part in this mighty effort. To those  
who must stay behind we say

### PLEASE

send a donation to Mr. PUNCH'S COMFORTS  
FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## H. J. Talking

ONCE knew a pilot who specialized in frauds on insurance companies. A firm wishing to sink a ship would engage him and for a high fee he would run it on rocks, of which he had an extensive knowledge. If you said "Our ship is going from Oporto to Quebec," or if you said "It is going from Capetown to Shanghai," it was all one to him. He would pack his bag, set off, and within three days of first mounting the bridge he would have got that ship on a rock. He also used the wrecks he had made to cause other wrecks. This, with a bit of blackmail and peacock-breeding, made him a comfortable income. The peacocks he sold to peers for their terraces, and every few months he would be round the House of Lords for orders, carrying samples in very large dispatch-cases labelled "Marking of Aliens Bill," these allowing him to get into the innermost parts of the building. One aged lord, when confronted with a peacock, insisted that it was a plover and wanted it to nest in the Woolsack to supply the House with its eggs. Nothing would persuade him that it wasn't, and finally he had to be put on a committee for making Cape Wrath the British Antibes, which involved his leaving London to study the question on the spot.

I am always afraid of being shipwrecked, fearing that I have insufficient resources in myself, and I sometimes make lists of things to do on a desert island, for example:

1. Learn to do somersaults.
2. Work out the cost of building hen-houses in (a) deal, (b) fumed oak, (c) mahogany.
3. Imagine what it must be like to have various diseases, e.g., mumps.
4. Repeat all the passages from Shakespeare I know, linking them by blank verse into a connected narrative.
5. Count my hairs and work out the square root of the total.
6. Make lists of things to do on a desert island.

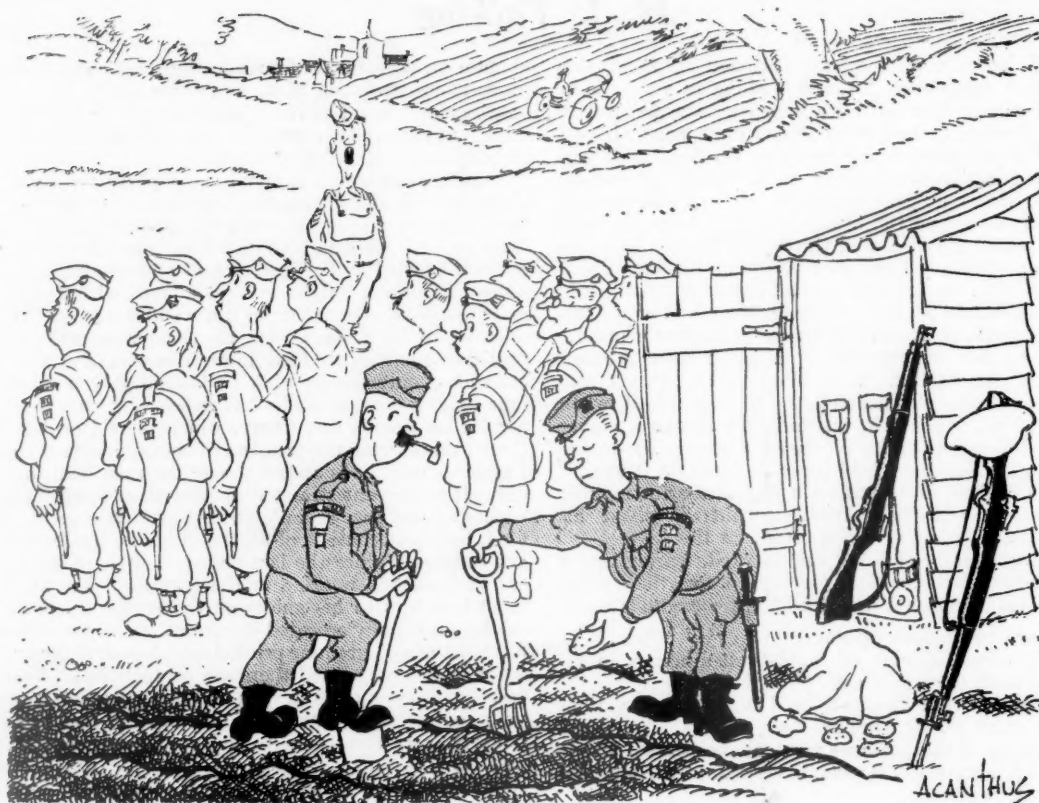
One difficulty would be that I should be unable to fish by my usual methods. Some years ago I hired a stream, intending to fish in it, a doctor having ordered me to do this as a cure for sleep-walking, which took the inconvenient form of getting out of bed and eventually finding myself in the Brompton Road, saying in a loud voice, "I think your policemen are wonderful." Soon after I arrived at this stream I noticed that the local procedure for catching fish was slow and inefficient, and as a scientist set myself to deal with the matter systematically. After experiment, I decided to adapt the methods used in shooting game and have assistants to drive the fish towards me. I found that beavers were the most satisfactory of those I tried, as they were highly intelligent. I divided them into two groups, one of which did the beating while the other built dams to prevent the fish escaping back. At length I had a great shoal of mixed fish in front of me, and these I could easily gather in with a garden-rake.

Unfortunately, this practical and effective method irritated the tenant of the lower part of the stream, and though I invited him to come and join me so that he should get his fair share, and even offered to lend him a rake, he was not appeased and said rude words about the beavers. This made me so furious that I rushed down to his house, taking my dumb friends with me in a wagonette. This tenant was a judge, and when we arrived he was out. I got very interested in reading a book he had in his library called *Expert Evidence and How to Discount It*, especially a

chapter on assessment of qualifications, which told you how much it cost to be an M.A., and other useful facts. I got so absorbed that I never noticed what the beavers were doing until the judge returned and fell over a dam they had cleverly constructed in the hall.

Some people would rather have a party than eat more alone, among such being Mrs. Oscar's boy. He has very little money as he owns a view in Cheshire and has to pay rates on it. One and all tell him that he should have questions asked in Parliament and hire sandwichmen and write pamphlets, but he is a poor hand with a grievance and just pays with an air of mute suffering which is very relaxing to his friends. On his slender income he could probably manage to feed himself reasonably well if he chose, but entertain is what he indomitably does. About four times a year, when he has grown very thin indeed, he invites his friends to a party, which is held on the Inner Circle, this solving the problem of accommodation cheaply. Unfortunately, he is apt to choose the rush hour, and it is difficult to prevent strangers getting their teeth into sandwiches as you pass them. There is always a great deal of food, but as it consists of all the meals he has bought and not consumed since the last occasion, little of it is gay to eat and some is wearing in the extreme. For entertainment he plays to his guests on the trombone, but as the carriage is usually crowded he cannot use all the notes, and has to have a programme printed, which adds to the expense. After he has performed there are competitions. You have to balance a pea on your chin and if it falls pick it up with your teeth. Sometimes they fall into the boots of strap-hangers, and this leads to delay and recriminations. I was once violently attacked by a woman who thought I was trying to steal her bootlaces. She addressed me as "Young Sikes" and threatened to report me to Scotland Yard—mainly, I think, because she was proud of being able to remember the telephone number.





*"I'd like a bit more attention there in the rear rank."*

### *Findhorn River*

**C**OME whatever the gods decree and whatever fate devises,  
I shall remember Findhorn as long as the sun rises;  
The sun may rise on desert, the sun may rise on snow,  
But I shall remember Findhorn wherever I go.

I shall remember a Spring day and the blue skies arching  
The span of the Moray hills; and the clouds quick-marching  
South on a wind from Caithness that blew with a swing;  
I shall be thinking of Findhorn now whenever it's Spring.

The river running among the rocks—in foam-flecked eddies  
spinning  
Or black glass at the lip of the fall with the seaward swoop  
beginning;  
High lights on bracken and beech, the sable frame of the firs;  
These things shall I keep in my heart so long as it stirs.

A Spring day; and the great river like an armed host  
descending,  
Moving in majesty down the glen, invincible, unending,  
Full-fed with the rain of the hills, contemptuous, half-asleep,  
Shot with gold in the shallows, midnight-black in the deep;

And all the creatures along its bank their ways and  
stations keeping—  
A grey heron, a hawk and a hare, a roe in the larches  
leaping,  
And the salmon lying head-to-the-stream above the coloured  
stones . . .

That Spring day on Findhorn will I keep in my bones,

And will bring it out to remember in many and many  
places—  
The day and the walk and the talk we had, and my  
companions' faces;  
So that whatsoever may happen, wheresoever I be,  
I shall not be losing Findhorn—or the men who walked  
with me.

Now I go on a far journey and long may I be  
returning,  
Strange waters may sound in my ears and my eyes be  
burning  
With barren and bitter suns; but wherever I pass my  
days,  
I keep and remember Findhorn. Yes. Always. H. B.

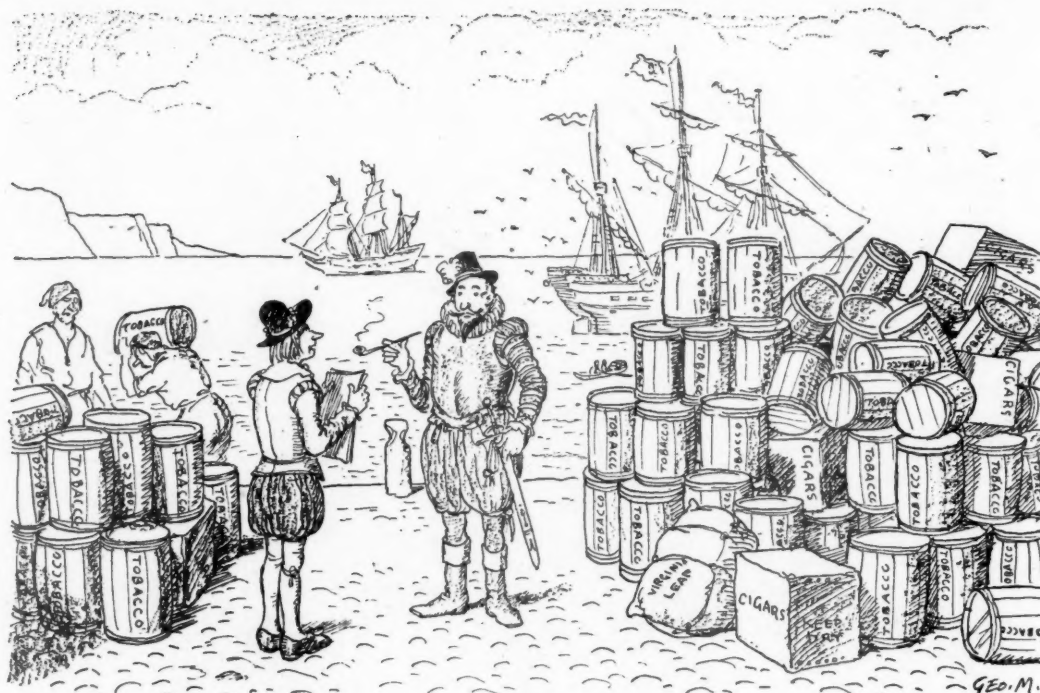




### SPLITTING THE SWAG

"What are you grumbling for, Benito? You've got what you asked for, haven't you?"

[The United States Board of Economic Warfare has attempted to make an estimate in figures of the total amount of loot taken by Germany from occupied Europe.]



"So you haven't anything to declare, Sir Walter?"

### Little Talks

**W**HY do the papers keep on talking about the "Nazis"? Because they cause most of the news.

No, I mean, in the war-reports. Look, here are three headlines: "NAZIS CLEAR FRENCH COAST-LINE"—"NAZIS BEATEN OFF IN KUBAN"—"SWEDEN WARNS OFF NAZI MINE-LAYERS." Why not "German"? They don't call American cruisers "Democratic". They don't say that Russia has attacked with Communist tanks or Socialist guns. And that's all the Nazis are, the dominant political party.

*I know, but does it matter?*

Yes, because it encourages this anæmic footling notion that there are a million or two nasty Nazis and seventy-eight million nice Germans, who love us dearly in their heart of hearts. It isn't true. By the way, I'm starting a New Party.

*What's it called?*

"Common Sense".

*Jolly good show. What's the policy?*

Well, of course, we begin with the

Four Equalities. I've told you about them.

*Maybe. But I've forgotten what they are, old boy.*

Equality of Opportunity, Intellect, Character, and Beauty.

*Oh, come, I don't see how you can have all those.*

But you believe in Equality of Opportunity?

*Of course. Everybody does. But—*

Yes, it's one of the many imbecile expressions that almost everybody does believe in. Suppose four young women offer themselves for Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, only one place being vacant. He gives them a half-hour audition each, and each can show herself off as she likes. They have Equality of Opportunity?

*Well, yes, in a way.*

But the prettiest is chosen, or the cleverest is chosen—or perhaps the one who is pretty and clever as well. So, in fact, they haven't got "equality of opportunity" at all?

*Perhaps not. But that's not what the*

*phrase means. You've got to go back—education, training and so forth.*

If all those girls went to the same crèche, and the same infant school, and the same primary and secondary schools, and the same academy of dramatic art and dancing, one of those girls would still be prettier and cleverer than the others—and if she's got that extra touch of—call it "character"—that enables her to put herself across, she'll certainly get the job.

*Well, that's all right.*

Yes, but it's not "equality of opportunity". It's equality of opportunity for equal worth—quite a different thing.

*And that's the policy of Common Sense?*

Yes. Or rather, I'd put it this way—it's the policy of "Common Sense" to expose, and oppose, all meaningless and wordy phrases or notions which are employed by the unscrupulous or thoughtless for the deception of the people.

*Jolly good show! What else?*

Well, take "Social Security". That's another cock-eyed expression.

Oh, but surely "social security" is opposed to "military security"?

I believe it is. That's why it's wrong. Because, you see, "military security" refers to the State or nation. And what they mean by "social security" refers to the individual.

So what?

Well, what I mean is that what they mean is "individual security", "personal security"—the right of every single living person to a reasonable standard of comfort and happiness, simply because he is a person. That's the Christian, democratic, British notion, and I agree and applaud. But the emphasis is on the individual. It's therefore erroneous and absurd to use a phrase like "social security" which puts the emphasis on the community.

I see what you mean.

I hope so. If you wanted to contrast "military education" with "self-education" you'd use those words. You wouldn't talk about "social education". For that would mean something quite different.

What is the attitude of Common Sense to "vested interests"?

We shall do all that we can to increase their number.

Oh, but they're frightful.

Some, I dare say. I didn't say we were going to defend the whole lot. Some are very good. Pensions are "vested interests". Savings are "vested interests". Insurance policies are "vested interests". Copyright is a "vested interest". When Parliament, some time ago, passed an Act to restore Trade Unions' rights and customs after the war, it was protecting and preserving a "vested interest"—

Oh, no!

Well, in a different sense, maybe. It may not be a money interest, always—but it's a right vested in a Trade Unionist, as such, to do his work under certain conditions, and no others. I express no view myself, but there are many who think that this is a bad vested interest. They say it reduces output and impedes efficiency. Others think not. Anyhow, there it is.

And you want more?

"Security" means "vested interests". The Beveridge Report means "vested interests" en masse. And a very good thing too. The more "vested interests" the more contentment and stability.

I see. How would Common Sense deal with the proposals of Colonel McCormick?

The publisher of the Chicago Tribune, you mean? The man who wants Great Britain to be taken over by the United States?

That's the chap.

Well, of course, we shall consider the proposal with all the seriousness it deserves. We really haven't had time to study the principle; but one or two small committee-points suggest themselves at once. For example, he doesn't want to take Britain over as a whole. He says: "Britain could come into the Union as the four States of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. Canada could constitute another State; Australia, New Zealand and the contiguous islands yet another."

I see. So England—and Eire—would both be on the same footing as Kansas or South Carolina?

That's the idea.

I wonder what Shakespeare would have said about that?

Now, then! You mustn't be insular. There are two other points that worry me a little. Suppose we join the United States and they go Prohibition again?

That would be rather a bore.

And another thing. The Colonel says: "For the people of Britain in particular the admission to statehood would have many advantages. American man-power, industry and wealth would instantly and automatically be available if British territory were threatened with invasion."

Jolly good show!

Yes, but the Colonel seems to forget that Great Britain does not go to war only when "British territory is threatened with invasion." I must point out to the Colonel that if we join the United States it looks as if we shall be two or three years late for every European war.

And what about the British Fleet?

Well, there's another small point. Poor little England, the forty-ninth—is it?—State, wouldn't be allowed to own a great Fleet of her own—it would be against the Constitution.

The States would take it over.

Then it would have to go "dry", like the American Fleet. Can you imagine the Royal Navy dry?

No. But there won't be no "Royal". The Colonel says: "To be admitted to the United States, Britain would have to give up the King."

Yes. That's another little point. Then there's South Africa.

Yes. South Africa's the Colonel's only worry. He says: "South Africa presents a much more difficult problem. The laws of that Dominion violate the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the American Constitution, and there is little reason to believe that it is prepared to accept our ideas of human freedom."

What does he mean by that?

He means, I suppose, that perfect equality between black and white which is practised in the Southern States.

Well, that's frightful. That will spoil the whole party.

I see one way out.

What's that?

America might revert to the British Empire.

Jolly good show. That shall be our policy.

A. P. H.

## Routine

EVERY weekday morning for ten years, Blitz included, the man with the grey hat has walked just ahead of me up the stairs on to the platform at 8.19, and every morning for ten years when I have seen him I have said (to myself, of course) "Good. I'm in time for the 8.20."

But this morning, quite suddenly, something came over me and I spoke to him.

"Sir," I said, "are you too called at 7.15?"

Do you jump out of bed at 7.20 and do exercises until 7.25?

Do you finish shaving at 7.35, get into your bath at 7.40 and out at 7.54?

Do you too start breakfast just when the 8 o'clock news is starting, leave the table at 8.10, returning—with hat, coat and umbrella—at 8.11

to swallow a second cup of tea standing, and do you too leave your house at 8.14?"

"Certainly not, sir," he replied with a certain ferocity.

"I am not the creature of your habits.

I am called at 7

and read the paper in bed until 7.30;

I shave from 7.32 until 7.40;

I bathe

(if it is of any interest to you) from 7.45 until 7.52.

Incredible as it may seem to you,

I do not possess a radio,

and I drink coffee,

not tea,

for my breakfast."

"I am glad, sir," I said,

"that the lines along which we progress through time

do not run parallel,

but that we merely intersect at regular intervals."





*"I had a simply wonderful leave—my heart was broken four times."*

### ***Believe It or Not.***

**T**HIS is not my story. It was told me, or rather told in our ward-room, by a charming man, the C.O. of a corvette that happened to be tied up alongside at that time. People I've met in Whitehall say that it's just possible that something of the kind may have occurred.

The teller of the story was given command of a small ship way back in 1940 when things were pretty chaotic—or so they seem in comparison with the present day. She was very hush-hush—no matter what—but she had a quaint old-world name, which we may say was the *Partridge*.

He joined her at an East Coast port—Harwich I think he said it was—but no sooner had he taken charge than he was called up to London and found himself in a large and impressive apartment with a number of skippers and C.O.s who were all being handed out sealed orders—all except him and one other man. They were told that

they had come to the wrong place, and were sent down to a certain famous and historic building. Here confusion reigned unchecked. The authorities were in the middle of evacuating a lot of valuable collections of documents and historical records and so forth.

Nobody seemed to know anything about the two C.O.s, but at last they found what appeared to be the right department, and found that they too were to have sealed orders, to be kept perpetually on their persons while on shore.

All on board felt rather depressed, and the C.O. made his will; but luckily one of his subs happened to be the son of a brewer and had a cask of excellent ale sent aboard. In due course they got "Proceed in execution of previous orders. Open sealed orders at such and such a time and position," and off they went.

The dread hour arrived and he opened the envelope in his own little

cubby-hole, where, as he mentioned, the light was very bad. The first thing that struck his agitated mind was that the orders were going to be very difficult to read—they were apparently written in long-hand. Evidently some sections of the Admiralty had been so badly blitzed that they had to do without typewriters, he thought—perhaps with admiration.

The gist of the orders was: "You are hereby commanded to take under your command His Majesty's Ketch *Partridge*, and being fully provided with munitions of war, with all necessary victuals, and with water, you are to set sail with the best despatch you may, and shape your course for the port or anchorage of Sainte Briquet in that part of France known as Briquentin. Being off the aforesaid port of Sainte Briquet you are to put yourself in a posture of offence and use all your endeavours to sink, scuttle, or otherwise destroy any ships, brigs,

yachts, ketches, schuyts, or barges which the enemy may have assembled there upon an enterprise (whereby he intends to invade His Majesty's Realm), whether by shot, bomb, petard, rocket, or fire, or such other means as you may think fit. Item: You are to make your report to My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty upon your return. Etc."

He didn't feel much happier after reading these orders. They seemed odd to him; but I should explain that he had only just arrived in this country from New Zealand, so that many things seemed odd to him just then. He had never seen sealed orders before; and in any case he didn't have much time to ponder, as they were constantly bothered by aircraft on the way down.

Well, he duly arrived off Sainte Briquet (that of course is not its real name). It was very early morning, about 0330, wet and drizzling, and there was obviously some sort of flap on—guns going off and machine-gun-fire and so on. He was reconnoitring—i.e., wondering what to do about the enemy's ships, brigs, yachts, ketches, schuyts and barges—when he was challenged by what turned out to be a British trawler.

The New Zealander said he had been ordered to destroy invasion barges in Sainte Briquet. The trawler said he was lost, but believed there were some of our people boxed up on shore there. So they decided to go in together. The trawler-man suggested keeping on the outside of the jetty or breakwater or what-have-you.

Nobody seemed to bother about them—the Huns being apparently busy elsewhere—and they cautiously bumped up against the jetty. The New Zealander put a demolition party on shore for the invasion barges, but he sent another lot under a sub to the shore end of the jetty to give warning in case of Huns.

It began to get light, but the visibility was very poor. They never saw their demolition party again; but the others were poking about by the waterside when they came upon five unmistakable British soldiers asleep among some packing-cases. These people were completely flaked out, and they had an awful job rousing them; but in the end they reacted to tots of rum, took the party to a sergeant, and finally fetched up with an Army officer who had been at Rugby with the sub; and so the situation was got in hand and an evacuation decided upon.

Apparently the Huns were not particularly numerous in those parts, but when they pulled away from under the jetty (it being then low water) they were spotted from on shore and fire-works started, and a hearty sigh was heaved by all when they were clear in the mist, dropping every smoke flat they had.

The soldiers were a bit bewildered at being rescued, and after disposing of some of the draught ale one of their officers asked "How on earth did you manage to make contact with us? Certainly take off my hat to the people at home. Our wireless conked out yesterday. Suppose they must have got some of our earlier messages."

The New Zealander thought that as the operation was completed it would be permissible to show them the sealed orders before he burnt them.

A major who read them first began to scratch his head and look at the New Zealander in a puzzled way. Then he took them over to a scuttle and held them up to the light. Then he said "There's a queer mistake in the date of these orders. Have you noticed?"

The New Zealander looked too, and saw the date was "the fifth day of September 1804." Then the major pointed to the engraved heading and, believe it or not, it was not George the Sixth but George the Third.



"Care to make up a foursome to pile arms?"

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



*"No, you CAN'T have it for salvage. I want it to jump on in Piccadilly when peace comes!"*

### Peace Time

ON a small country town  
A clock looked gravely down;  
For years it had not suffered gain or loss;  
Its character was such  
That men admired it much  
And would have backed it with their bit of dross..

And they no doubt had set  
Their watches by it yet,  
But at the war's first word it ticked its last,  
Stopped, as the mettled horse  
Coming on something coarse,  
Such as a full fat porker, jibs aghast.

There was no inner hurt,  
Its heart confessed no dirt,  
Wise men dissected it but had no luck;  
From some mysterious cause  
Unknown to nature's laws  
It wasn't going. And to that it stuck.

And still on that small town  
That sober face looks down  
Showing no sign of Time's relentless flow;  
Yet somewhere in its works  
A well-coiled impulse lurks  
Keen to be doing, all agog to go.

Maybe on that glad day  
That rolls the war away,  
When it observes the loud rejoicing throng  
It too may feel the kick  
And with awakened tick  
Announce the time, which will no doubt be wrong.

And maybe, better still,  
It may bell out its fill  
Of hours, halves, quarters, singly, strike by strike,  
In one long stretch of sound  
Till it has come unwound;  
This, as a triumph, would be something like.

DUM-DUM.



## At the Play

"THEY CAME TO A CITY" (GLOBE)

How many Mr. Priestleys are there? How many veins has he? Was ever dramatist, even in his least successful vein, so undiscourageable? Did ever writer of any sort so readily forget his croppers, or, on the whole, so obviously benefit by them? Mr. PRIESTLEY will, it is true, persist in imagining that he has in him the true poetic impetus which is necessary to turn the more fantastical sorts of theorizing into wholly satisfactory theatre. He really ought to have learned by now that he has it not. He has audacity and originality besides all the necessary tricks and knacks of the trade—humour, pathos, and great skill in character-drawing and in creating dramatic excitement. But it has happened once or twice before, and now it has happened again. When Mr. PRIESTLEY flies too high he finds that his wings won't soar along with his intrepid spirit. The fact that his interest in his subject is manifestly much greater than his interest in his personages makes him forget the details of his characterization and "make do" with mere types. The dramatic excitement becomes almost wholly centred in the fix of the author himself.

*They Came to a City* is a sociological fantasia whose characters hardly deserve to have names at all. They might as well be labelled Lady Aristocrat, Lady Aristocrat's Unmarried Daughter, Self-Made Magnate, Charwoman, Gentleman Aristocrat, Likeable Bourgeois, Bourgeois's Unlikeable Wife, Cockney Barmaid, Cockney Seaman. These personages arrive, one by one or in pairs, at the ramparts of a city which we gradually descry to be the Priestleyan conception of Utopia. The whole of the actionlessness takes place on a kind of top-stair landing from which these people can look over a wall at the city shining beneath them, invisible to us. Early on, one character exclaims that it all looks rather like Wembley Exhibition. That is Jolt Number One—a hint that the wings are not working too well. We are willing to let our own imaginations soar up and up with Mr. PRIESTLEY's—but not if he is going to give us nasty little bumps of that sort. At the third or fourth jolt we suddenly perceive that we are not really flying at all, but merely going round in a lofty mechanical contrivance like the Big Wheel which used to be at Earl's Court and finished up at Blackpool.

If the reader says that the Big Wheel was quite fun, we readily agree. The new play is quite fun if you accept its conditions at the outset and are content to watch clever actors creating characters out of mere outlines and being unable to do much with them when they are created, since the sheer labour of creation has taken up most of the time. What can one do in a Big Wheel except gaze and gaze and wait until one's carriage descends to earth again, when we can get out and visit other attractions?

Mr. PRIESTLEY concludes with a noble speech from his Cockney Seaman about the New City of Friends—a speech that cites Whitman and is couched in the vein of the apotheosis of Mr. Wells's *Tono Bungay*, the "sufficient beauty" passage. Seaman and Barmaid, having visited Utopia, have come back to tell the world about it. Only the Charwoman and the Lady Aristocrat's Unmarried Daughter propose to take up immediate residence. For the older aristocrats the place is a mere vulgar labyrinth with common people dancing in the street. For the Self-Made Magnate it is a bewildering and distasteful metropolis without even a post office from which he can send telegrams to the Stock Exchange in London. The Bourgeois Man likes the idea of the place but is held back by his wife's whimpering and narrow-minded antipathy. That is all.

The best performances come from Miss ADA REEVE as the resigned Charwoman and from Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS and Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS as the old inflexible patricians. The others all improve on their opportunities. Never have we more admired Miss IRENE HENTSCHEL's directional skill. Yet she, quite possibly obeying Mr. PRIESTLEY's own instruction, makes one tactical error which cannot go unrapped. The play is given an odd little "signature-tune," several times repeated in the course of the evening. Mr. Walton or Mr. Britten, if politely asked, could have provided an original phrase for the purpose in less time than it takes to drink a cup of coffee. Instead we hear at the Globe the stylized cock-crow which begins Rimsky-Korsakov's fairy-tale opera, *Coq d'Or*. In the musically-minded playgoer—fortunately few minds attending the theatre are ever very musical—this sets up all kinds of unfulfilled anticipations. He is immediately and urgently reminded of a certain gorgeously rich entertainment with abundance of incidental fun and colour and a subtle deep-down moral at the end of it all. The fault, if it lies with Mr. PRIESTLEY, is all the more surprising since he is well known to be fond of orchestral music and to be deeply interested in the effect of music upon the mind. Then why leave the play-going mind out of consideration? A. D.



"I can't see him to-day, Miss Price; make some excuse—tell him I'm busy."



"I AM the manager."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### A United Irishman

HAMILTON ROWAN, MR. HAROLD NICOLSON's great-grandfather, is still remembered in Ireland as one of the heroes in the movement which culminated in the rising of 1798 and the deaths of Wolfe Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. One of the original members of Wolfe Tone's United Irishmen, Rowan was involved in an attempt by the French Revolutionary Government to start an insurrection in Ireland, and after an ingenious and daring escape from prison reached France shortly before Robespierre's downfall. His experiences in France form perhaps the most entertaining chapter in Mr. NICOLSON's brilliant account (*The Desire to Please*, CONSTABLE, 15/-) of what he calls, in a moment of impatient irritation, the "really deplorable career" of his erratic but warm-hearted and attractive ancestor. Landing in Brittany, where he expected to be welcomed as a friend of the Revolution and an Irish patriot, Rowan was thrown into jail, narrowly escaped the guillotine, and by the time he reached Paris was, being dangerously ill from jail-fever, in no state to make the most of his interview with "the living embodiment of virtue and the General Will," Robespierre. This was a piece of luck, for by the time he had recovered from his fever Robespierre was dead, together with most of those with whom he had been closely associated in the last months of his dictatorship. Leaving Paris in a mood of deep disillusion, Rowan proceeded to the States, hoping to find there the ideal government in the pursuit of which he had sacrificed the easy life which his social position and great wealth would have secured for him, had he possessed a less unsettled temperament. But disillusionment

awaited him in America, too. He was, he wrote to his wife, disgusted by the rough manners of the people, the great expense of procuring those mental gratifications which were so superior to eating and drinking, and the universal rage of money-getting. After five years in America, he returned to Europe and to his wife, who after besieging influential persons for many years managed at last to persuade the English Government that her husband's heart was sound, whatever might be thought of his head. In 1805 the sentence of outlawry passed on him when he escaped to France was reversed, and the last thirty years of his long life were spent in comparative tranquillity. With the story of his ancestor Mr. NICOLSON has interwoven some personal memories which seem to heighten the reality of his narrative even when they are as little relevant as his delicately-evoked impression of James Joyce. H. K.

#### Come In!

A National Council of Women over here has been told that women are being "pushed back" to their homes. This is an odd way of describing a domestic revival long overdue. America has already led the way in proclaiming not only the virtue but the glamour of *Kirche, Kinder und Küche*. Children and kitchens are assets, not disabilities; and if the part played by churches is occasionally slurred as controversial, no one reading *How America Lives* (LANE, 12/6) can doubt that faith, families and good food go together. This very human series of interviews was obtained by the staff of *The Ladies' Home Journal* in 1940. They deal with the ways and means of sixteen American families, from an opulent couple in a Texas suburb to the poorest of poor negroes on a Mississippi cotton-field. The richest family is the smallest, the poorest the largest. But that, luckily, is not the whole story. The most enviable household of all—how sound is the editor's admiration of it!—is a charming clan of Swedish-German Lutherans who have created a Minnesota farmstead from scratch. Some of the stories are heart-rending. Some are comical. It is difficult to believe that their native idiom has been largely tempered for the English reader. H. P. E.

#### Heartbreak School

Please read *Long Division* (SECKER AND WARBURG, 8/6), by HESTER W. CHAPMAN: with all its faults it is a book for the grown-up. A clever woman who is a bit of a blue-stocking is unwise to pin her whole emotional existence on a stupid and selfish man; but clever women do this every day. These two have married and set up a preparatory school, and the novel presents select brief scenes from the six years of an exciting partnership. After the usual dreary long-winded novel, which leaves nothing out and says nothing at all, this perfectly reasonable method of selection—in the fine arts one takes it for granted—is most effective and wonderfully stimulating. The school grows and prospers, the marriage dwindles, and all the time this witty, scornful, self-mocking creature, humble about her plain features and forced to be apologetic about her wit, is growing out of an obsession. Beside the main line of the story all the irritating but absorbing problems of the schoolmaster spring up—difficult boys, difficult parents, getting the friendship of the children without their dependence, what to teach and how to teach it. Where Miss CHAPMAN has been so clever is in giving the effect of complete and involuntary self-revelation by her schoolmistress without the boredom that accompanies direct confession outside Chekov. J. S.

### Victorian Pennyworth

In the days when life was full and pockets empty it was wonderful what the Victorian penny could purchase. It took some earning: one could run errands, one could take messages—a necessary accomplishment when one's father wrote with difficulty. Moreover the Irishmen who came for the harvest had always a copper to spare for the small heroine of *Country Hoard* (FABER, 6/-). Should she buy a Lucky Bag, or four ounces of goodies, or two tops? So much, in any case, could be done with so little at The Farm on the Hill that Mrs. ALISON UTTLEY's return to it (this time in the traditional *Spectator* fashion of descriptive essays) should re-establish interest in the most magnanimous kind of generosity—that which is only made possible by personal thrift. Those who decry the yeoman's life for its harshness to dependants and its lack of amenities should read "The Irishmen" and "Music-making." The Irishmen—or their children—came year after year. Music meant the farmer's concertina, the Irishmen's jigs, the plough-boy's whistling, the cottage music-shop that encouraged you to play over its stock-in-trade, the old harpsichord in the hayloft. What pleasures—"so many and so many and such glee"—and all, in terms of cash, so inexpensive!

H. P. E.

### The New Anglo-Saxondom

MR. ARNOLD L. HASKELL, whose book, *The Australians* (BLACK, 4/6), is the result of a lecture tour sponsored by the Ministry of Information, describes it as "an historical sketch written with a purpose—a propagandist purpose if you will, though to-day the word has an unpleasant sound." He says that until he went to the country he, like the majority of people, had never given Australia a moment's thought. He took their loyalty for granted, but he found more than loyalty in an Australian-born girl's questions about home. So with the idea of giving this brave dominion a fair deal in everyone's mind, he has set out to educate us. This being so, it is suitable that the format of the book should resemble a school primer complete with maps and statistics, appendices and a chronology of events. He begins with the haphazard foundation of the dominion as a convict settlement under the brilliant first Governor, Phillip, whose mind was so filled with the thought of empire-building that he wrote: "As I would not wish convicts to lay the foundations of an empire, I think they should remain separated from the garrison," and "There can be no slavery in a free land, and consequently no slaves." He tells how the first Governor of Queensland started with sevenpence-halfpenny in the Treasury, and he writes of the poets and artists who can interpret Australia to us. There is not a dry page in the book and there is the greatest economy of phrase.

B. E. B.

### The Case Against Germany

LORD VANSITTART, whose opinions on the subject of Germany are by now pretty well known, says in his introduction to *Lessons of My Life* (HUTCHINSON, 9/6) that he "writes with experience in politics but without pretensions in literature." Nevertheless there is plenty of entertainment as well as invective in his volume. He has the gift of the telling phrase. He can bite and sting—and obviously intends to do both. People, he complains, call him anti-German. What else could any sane man be, after all this killing, torturing, starving and plundering? "The contrary view I leave to fish and Fabians." He goes on to deal with the myth of the two Germanys. Some of us still believe

that the real, good Germany is just round the corner, waiting to oust Hitler and take charge. A childish idea! And then there is the myth of the vindictive Versailles Treaty. And the cruelty of the blockade—and of Reparations—which we never got. The Germans played on all these grievances so hard and so successfully that, much to their own surprise, they found their story accepted by us. As Lord Halifax said last year, we really must not allow ourselves to be fooled again. Are we going, in the next peace, to allow the continued existence of the German armament makers—perhaps even to subsidize them as the Americans did after 1919? If we are to survive, the answer must be No!

L. W.

### Two for the Burning

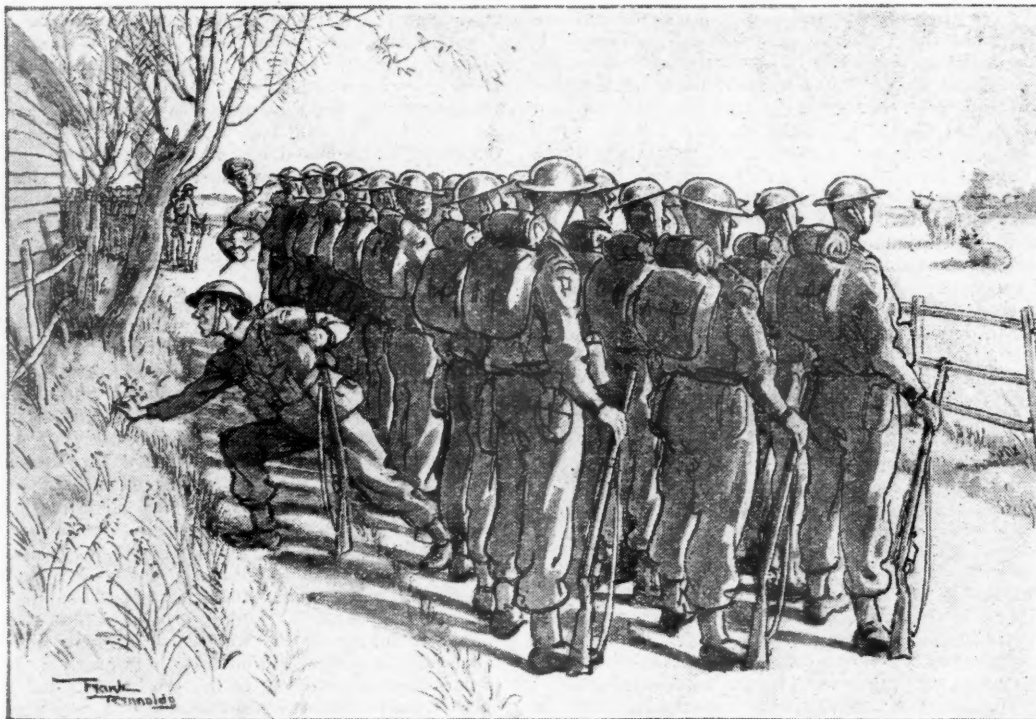
*The Just and the Unjust* (CAPE, 9/6) is a novel by Mr. JAMES GOULD COZZENS about the trial for murder, in an American country town, of two kidnapers. Over here, educated by *The Trial of Mary Dugan* and the operatic court-scenes of Hollywood, we are too apt to think the differences between American legal procedure and ours, from which it sprang, are much the same as those dividing American and British football. Mr. COZZENS gives a quieter impression, though his trial is dramatic enough. Lawyers will find the case rich in the technical hair-splitting so dear to their crusted hearts, while the layman whose pleasure in fiction is to sit omnisciently in a grandstand and observe the endless pageant of his fellows under pressure will not, I think, be disappointed. There is plenty of humanity in Childerstown, where politics bear intimately on the administration, though not on the impartial interpretation, of the law; and in the gossip in the Attorneys' Room, where the local leaders gather between court sessions, we see sharply defined, as through a periscope, the issues in conflict behind the scenes of a small town. All this is very well described, with strong characterization and a quick humour. In addition Mr. COZZENS has a range of philosophic comment, wise and unpretentious, which makes him a serious as well as an entertaining writer.

E. O. D. K.



"What's the good of all these psychology tests if it only leads them to give me a job like this?"





"Fall in, that poet!"

## Our War-Time Query Corner

Ask Evangeline!

**Q.** It is my opinion that in reconstructing our post-war home life we should put an end to the unhealthy secrecy with which such objects as stop-cocks, main valves, waste-pipes, etc., have been regarded in the past. What, for instance, is there shameful about the existence of a meter that it should have to be situated in some dark hush-hush aperture, accessible only to the slimmest and most agile householders? In our family, I remember, we were all well over twenty-three before mother told us the meaning of the word "stop-cock," and as for gas mains, I was not even aware that my home contained one until our ignorance of its whereabouts during the 1941 blitz cost us four dining-room chairs, a signed portrait of Mr. Gladstone, and a mahogany cabinet containing over two hundred sea-fowls' eggs.

DORIS WHITEBAIT (Miss).

**A.** It may not have occurred to you that the policy you advocate would rob the plumber's occupation of half its romance, besides rendering life infinitely more drab for employees of gas companies who come checking and emptying meters. Think of some of the little idylls we have witnessed in the past—the collector stretched full-length, half in, half out of some manhole outpost, plying his adventurous trade by the light of an unsteady match in the self-conscious fingers of our one-time domestic (now a fading memory). It would have been wrong to deny either of them the poetry of that moment. I do feel too that there are some little *sanctum sanctorum*s that every house likes to keep to itself.

For those who still wish to bring the manhole and gas-meter into the limelight, however, I would suggest more decorative forms for these objects. The latter I could imagine disguised as

a tiny Swiss chalet, pennies or shillings being inserted through the miniature letter-box, the first as a Tudor cellar entrance with the words *Ye Olde Trappe Dore* in raised rustic letters.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Q.** Can you tell us of any appetising substitute for milk (as a drink)? The new distribution scheme is making my wife and me unhappy, as our bottle is now delivered by a different man and we feel we do not want a fresh milkman at our time of life. No alcohol in any form has ever entered our home, but I feel I would willingly sacrifice a principle or two rather than hear my wife addressed as "Sugar," "Toots," or—in even poorer taste—"Maw."

LANCELOT BUTTERS (Mr.).

**A.** If you are prepared to go to any lengths a wide choice of alternatives awaits you, ranging from what are popularly termed "Mild" and "Bitter"

to the more figurative highballs and Green Goddesses; though I would advise Mrs. Butters to begin in a small way with these. After all, this war cannot be won without a few of us feeling the pinch somewhere, and the drinking of an occasional magnum of, say, Perrier Jouet is little enough compared with what our Service men and women are sometimes called upon to do.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. After enormous advertising expenses I have secured a Miss Tucker-Rabbits as lady-help to assist with house and garden. All seemed well until we began preparing beds for suckers when Miss T.-R., after passing certain remarks about my soil, declared quite suddenly that she could not work in a garden where there were large worms. She would have told me this before, she said, but had not expected the subject would ever come up. When I put her on to watering celery, she said it seemed rather pointless work as, Hitler being anti-Christ, the world was coming to an end early in November. On her free afternoons she goes round the neighbourhood selling pamphlets entitled "The Burning Lake," for which she says she is the sole agent. What ought I to do?

"CERES."

A. You cannot make Miss Rabbits dig under duress, but you could surely interest her in the more appealing aspects of the British worm. Show her, if possible, a nest of baby worms. Infant life, in whatever manifestation, proves often irresistible to the warm-hearted spinster, and she will be a hard woman if she is not moved at the spectacle of a whole bunch of these wee clinging creatures. Her fears that activity on the celery beds will be so much wasted labour are groundless; if there is an early frost, celery is crisp enough for eating in October.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. Could you suggest a war-time occupation for a gentleman of eighty (my husband), who has been a keen knitter since the outbreak of hostilities, but recently, owing to badinage from other members of his club, has broken his needles in a fit of passion and done nothing since beyond composing a letter to *The Times* complaining of faulty organization in the distribution of prawns, though I still see him furtively scanning the pattern of a polo-necked dickey which my granddaughter intends making?

(Mrs.) HERTHA DE BATHE.

A. Your husband is unduly susceptible to malicious club tittle-tattle.

I know a much-respected judge who has been knitting a pair of vests with opera tops since the crisis of 1939, and now talks of going on the stage. If I were your husband I would snap my fingers at public opinion and begin a khaki fascinator to-morrow. Or, if difficulty is experienced in replacing the broken needles, he might enjoy crotcheting sets of string-bags to be used for suspending cabbage stalks in hen-runs, or—a more virile line perhaps—raffia shaving-tidies for the officers' mess.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. My fiancé, a fully-qualified sanitary inspector, is looking forward to wedding-bells when he finishes with the very instructive Mayfair drain he is at present studying, so we are trying to find an attractive corner for our little utility "nest." Do you know of a spot that would suit us? Mother lives at Pentonville.

AGGIE LUSH (Miss).

A. You will most certainly not be allowed to make nests in either Cartwright Gardens or Regent Square, if that is what you were thinking.

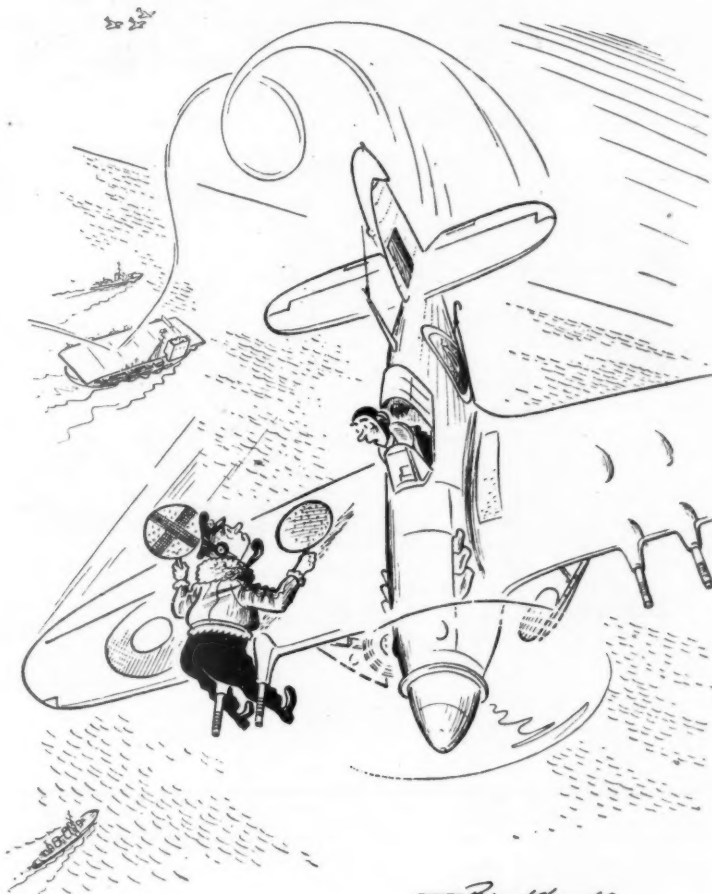
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Q. What do you do when you are a travelling stirrup-pump demonstrator whose work involves squirming face downwards across wet sooty yards, etc., and your wife will neither give you a towel to take about with you nor allow you the custody of your own coupons? (Mr.) LAMBERT BATTY.

A. I'm afraid I have not yet had the experience you mention, but I assume that I would buy quantities of a good absorbent blotting-paper and keep a square handy in the breast pocket.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. In readiness for last August's Vegetable Gala, ladies of the local home for inebriates in our village of Mitten-on-the-Marsh cut lengths from the



church bell-ropes to make their own quoits and thus save expense in hiring. The quoits were subsequently unpicked by the Mothers' Temperance Union and passed on to certain agile Scouts and Guides, who reunited them with the correct reef-knots, sheetbends, etc., to what was left hanging; but it turned out that all this, unluckily, had detracted from the original lengths to the extent that when the ringers assembled for our Easter peal, the vestry table, harmonium and other movables had to be pressed into service to enable them to reach the ropes. One aged villager, known as Gaffer George Saucer, despite reiterated warnings from the sidesmen, insisted upon mounting a pile of hymn-books

on top of the rectory hat-stand, whence he gave an initiatory pull of such vigour that he was swung many feet aloft on to one of the ornamental crockets for which the interior of the tower is famous, and here lost hold of the rope. All efforts to dislodge him have thus far failed, though every known expedient has been tried. We have applied to our nearest N.F.S. (Greasey Mallet), but they say they cannot act without orders from headquarters, and this may be a matter of weeks. What do you advise? We are feeding old Mr. Saucer with a trout-rod.

Rev. ULICK A. PUGH, M.A.

A. His predicament recalls those tree-sitting marathons which were

popular in the States some years ago. Here, I understand, a net was fixed under the performer's branch, as for a trapeze artist; but if the old gentleman has already shown unwillingness to jump into anything of the type, your best course would be to serve him up a strong narcotic, have a stout sheet held ready, and then get some efficient sidesman to climb one of the bell-ropes to a height suitable for poking him from the crocket with your trout-rod. Happy landing to Mr. Saucer!

o o

"Craven, who is single, went to a board school in Liverpool, where he was born." *Daily Mail.*  
Slow progress.



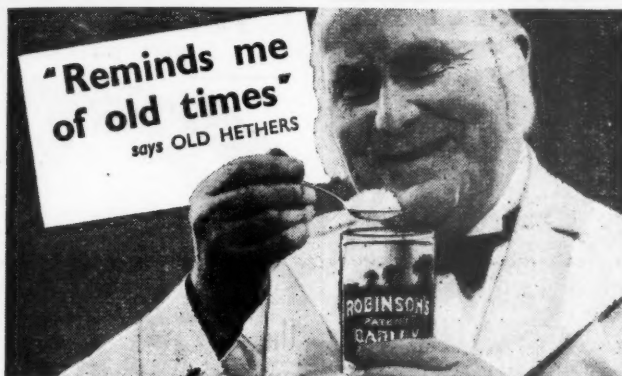
*"Those are old Barleycorn's Italian prisoners busy digging for defeat."*

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**Barley Water made from**  
**ROBINSON'S**  
**'PATENT' BARLEY**

CVS-13



*Until then...*

When toffee apples are two-a-penny and little Tommy's only danger is a sisterly smack for being greedy, the whole world will be at peace to enjoy the fruits of the earth. Until then, if we follow the advice of those who are in charge of supplies the foods and fruits in Britain will last longer and go further. If by eating more potatoes we can save more bread then let's all feel delighted to do so. And if we don't get any fatter we are becoming a healthier nation.



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**NUGGET**  
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ALSO IN BLACK  
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Poland,  
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USE SPARINGLY- THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

N/JK

## Spanner in the works!

When extraneous materials get into salvage (metal, for instance, into waste paper, or glass into kitchen scraps) they do good work for the enemy! They delay the job of sorting, damage costly machinery, and endanger the lives of pigs and poultry. No wonder the authorities call them "contraries!"

### What do I do?

I sort all my salvage properly and keep the various kinds separate—Paper, Metal, Rags, Bones, Rubber, Kitchen Waste. Before putting cardboard containers along with my paper salvage I remove the metal tops. I see that nothing sharp or pointed gets into my kitchen waste. I remember that if everyone conscientiously avoided "contraries", hours of sorting work would be saved and more salvage recovered.

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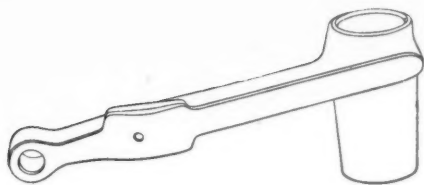
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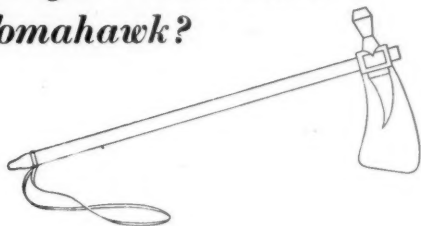
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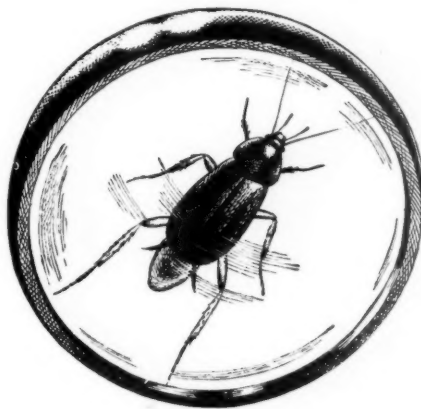
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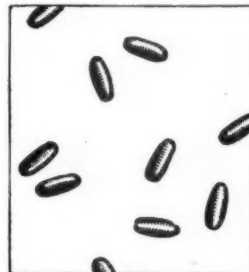
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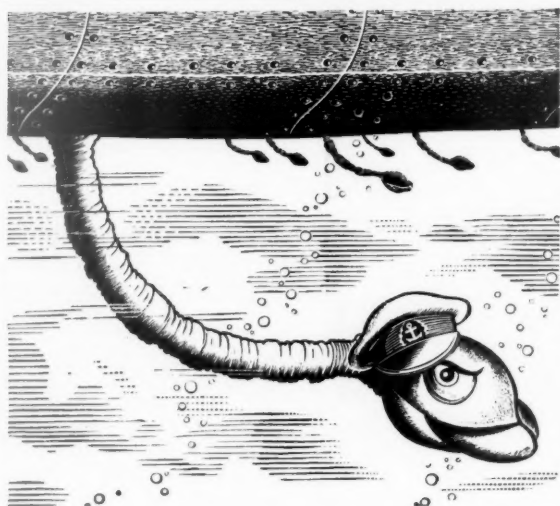


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